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## PANORAMAS.

THE word Panorama was originated within the memory of many who are still living—in the year 1787. By its Greek derivation, it signifies an entire or universal view—that is, a view all round; and is one of the many terms which necessarily accrue to the languages of civilised nations by the constant progress of scientific invention. The achievements of art which it designates appear to have been first suggested by an accident. A Mr Barker, an ingenious artist, and a man of singular energy and enterprise, was, in the year we have mentioned, residing at Edinburgh. One day, while sitting on Arthur's Seat, and engaged in taking a sketch of the city, a thick, drizzling mist came on, which obliged him to raise his umbrella. In spite of it, however, he continued his sketch, and had not long been so engaged before he observed some novel effects, which suggested to him the possibility of painting a circular picture which should present the entire scene around him to the very horizon. Resolved to make the experiment, he addressed himself to the work, and continually shifting his position, made a series of sketches embracing the whole circle within his view. He then communicated his idea to Sir Joshua Reynolds. This great and philosophic artist saw, or thought he saw, certain theoretical objections to the scheme, and deliberately pronounced it impracticable, adding, that he would cheerfully leave his bed at any time in the night to inspect such a work of art, if it could be produced. Mr Barker at once addressed himself to the difficulties which had been pronounced by so high an authority to be insuperable. He found them so numerous and embarrassing as fully to justify the discouraging advice of Sir Joshua, that he should abandon his project altogether. The greatest difficulty of all has been thus described :

'The drawings being made on flat surfaces, when placed together in a circle, the horizontal lines appeared curved instead of straight, unless on the exact level of the eye; and to meet this difficulty, Mr Barker had to invent a system of curved lines peculiarly adapted to the concave surface of his picture, which should appear straight when viewed from a platform at a certain level in the centre.'

This, and a variety of other obstacles, were successively overcome by the ardour and ingenuity of the artist, until at length he had the satisfaction of seeing a panorama of the view from Arthur's Seat ready for exhibition within the walls of the house, No. 28 Castle Street, Leicester Square. The house is still standing, and occupied as a printing-office. Sir Joshua Reynolds was at this time

residing in Leicester Square; and although he was not subjected to the penalty which he volunteered to endure of being dragged from his bed in the night to witness a result which he regarded as impossible, he actually left his breakfast-table for that purpose, walked to Castle Street in his dressing-gown and slippers, and on seeing the first panorama that was ever produced, frankly admitted his error, and warmly congratulated the artist on the success of his laborious experiment. 'I find,' said the great painter, 'I was in error in supposing your invention could never succeed, for the present exhibition proves it is capable of producing effects and representing nature in a manner far superior to the limited scale of pictures in general.'

The circumstances under which this first panorama was produced are thus described by the son of the artist : 'The circle on which my father painted the first view of Edinburgh was twenty-five feet in diameter. Canvas, with paper pasted on it, formed the surface ; and the picture was painted in water-colours in the guard-room of the palace of Holyrood ; and being at last finished, was opened to the public in the Archers' Hall, from whence it was removed to a lower apartment in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, New Town, and was subsequently exhibited at Glasgow.'

The second panorama which Mr Barker produced was that of London, taken from the top of the Albion Mills, near the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, on the Surrey side, the scene on the Thames being the annual Lord Mayor's procession by water to Westminster. One peculiarity connected with these two pictures was, that they were executed in tempera, while all subsequent panoramas have been painted in oil. After the exhibition of the panorama in London, the large building in Leicester Square was erected, in which all subsequent exhibitions have taken place from the year 1793 to the present time. This edifice contains three circular apartments on successive stories, but of different dimensions, the lowest being the largest, and they are generally occupied by different views. As the principle of construction and arrangement is the same in all, it will suffice to describe it as developed in the lowest and largest room. The circular picture here is ninety feet in diameter, and is about ten thousand square feet in area. The circular stage from which it is viewed is thirty feet in diameter, so that the painting is on all sides at a distance of thirty feet from the eye of a spectator standing at the circumference of the stage. The light is admitted from a skylight, which is concealed from view by a canopy which overhangs the stage. The vast area of canvas is suspended from a

hoop at the top of the apartment, about two hundred and eighty-three feet in circumference. Over this hoop it is tightly strained, the lower extremity of the canvas being attached to a similar hoop below, and heavily weighted. This arrangement has two disadvantages; and the skill required to overcome these may best be estimated by the completeness of that optical illusion of which every person who has seen a panorama must be conscious. These difficulties may be very easily made apparent. The canvas, when strained in the manner described, owing to its elasticity, necessarily bulges, assuming in some degree the form of a sail distended with the wind. The consequence of this is, that the horizon of the picture, which is level with the eye of the spectator, is in fact the point nearest to him; while the objects in the foreground—that is, at the lower part of the picture—are at the greatest distance from his eye. The tendency of this defect is obviously to diminish the illusion, which would manifestly be greater if the foreground were nearer to the eye, and the distance more remote. But this disadvantage is greatly augmented by a second; for the light, being admitted from above, falls most strongly on the horizon and the distance, and more feebly on the foreground, where, for the perfection of the effect, it should be the strongest. Mr Burford, who was a pupil of Barker, and who has been engaged for no less than fifty-seven years in the production and arrangement of these curious works of art, contemplated at one time an improvement which should supersede these defects, of which the public have never been conscious. His plan was to illuminate his pictures by gas-light admitted from below. The effect of this would obviously have been to throw the strongest light upon the objects in the foreground, while a much smaller share of it would fall upon the distance and the horizon. Although the beautiful illusion of a first-rate panorama might appear scarcely to admit of augmentation and improvement, yet it is curious to imagine what that effect would be, if this arrangement had been carried into effect. That, however, was never done, in consequence of difficulties, and possibly of dangers arising out of the structure of the building.

The first step in the production of a panorama is, of course, the taking of sketches of the region to be represented on the spot; and when the great variety of places which have thus been depicted is considered, it will be evident that this must have been a matter of no small toil and difficulty; indeed, on some occasions, the enterprise has been attended with results which were by no means agreeable. As an example of these, we may mention that Mr Burford sketched his panorama of Vienna from the belfry of Saint Carlo in that city; and while prosecuting his labour beyond the hour at which the church was closed, was locked in, with no more pleasant prospect before him than that of spending the night amidst such comforts and accommodations as belfries usually afford. An autumnal night, however, spent at such a distance from the 'warm precincts' of his hotel, stimulated his energies, and at length the waving of his pocket-handkerchief from the apertures of his lofty prison attracted the attention of the people below, and led to his restoration to the lower world. On another occasion, while sketching for his panorama of the Bernese Alps, he had the misfortune to be snowed up in a little mountain *chalet* for forty-eight hours, without the possibility of egress, and without books or any

other sources of amusement. His minor difficulties, of course, were numerous. On one occasion, while taking the panorama of Salzburg from the grounds of the castle, to which he was admitted by the municipal authorities, he unwittingly strayed into some adjoining private domains. Here he was speedily interrupted in his pursuits as a trespasser; but on learning the interesting nature of his occupation, the proprietor at once presented him with keys, by which he could at all times admit himself, and pursue his task on any part of the estate.

The sketches thus taken have differed in number according to circumstances, but we believe that Mr Burford's plan has generally been to divide the circle of the horizon into eight sections; from these he painted his panoramas in a building erected for the purpose in the neighbourhood of Kentish Town, which, before that district became a populous suburb, formed a conspicuous object from the high ground in the vicinity; and here, on elevated stages, the hand of the painter has produced those effects which have been enjoyed by so many hundreds of thousands in Leicester Square. It might be supposed that these pictures, placed as they are for exhibition at a distance of thirty or forty feet from the spectator, have been somewhat roughly and coarsely painted. The fact, however, is just the reverse of this. The canvas used for the purpose is of the very finest description that is manufactured. The broad brushes with which the sky is painted are of the finest French hair; and even with these delicate implements, the direction, horizontal or perpendicular, in which the brush might be used would be distinctly visible, owing to the fineness of the canvas and the strength of the light, were it not softened down with the utmost elaboration. Indeed, the escape of a single hair from the brush, if it were suffered to remain on the surface, would be a distinctly perceptible blemish. The more important parts of the panorama are painted with pencils of the finest sable, so delicate as to make lines as fine as a hair, each of which, however, is perceptible by the eye of the spectator. Zinc-white is used instead of lead, and the oils employed are of the purest quality that can be manufactured.

It is by such pains and ingenuity that difficulties, pronounced by the highest authorities to be insuperable, have been surmounted, and the panorama has been brought to so near an approach to perfection as almost to obliterate for the spectator the distinction between nature and art. Many instances have occurred during the continuous exhibitions of these remarkable pictures in which the illusion has been most amusingly complete, and one or two of these may be appropriately introduced in this place. The third panorama which was exhibited in London, and the first exhibited in Leicester Square, was a view of Spithead. One feature in this picture was the capsizing of a ship's boat, with sailors struggling in the waves. It happened that a gentleman who visited the exhibition of this picture was accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and the animal, on seeing this part of the painting, sprang over the hand-rail, to rescue the drowning men. In the year 1853 the panorama of Granada was exhibited, with a view of the Alhambra, near which the oleander was represented flowering in great luxuriance. A royal lady who was visiting the exhibition, and who was attended by a gentleman connected with the establishment, requested him to oblige her with a branch of the oleander, to take away with her, so complete was the deception produced in her mind, for a time, by the scene she was witnessing.

The late Duke of Wellington was particularly interested in panoramas, and frequently visited them. When the picture of the battle of Sobraon was exhibited in 1846, his Grace came to see it. The stage on which he stood might well be supposed to be a height from which the commander-in-chief was surveying and controlling the fluctuations of the

conflict. Contrary to the usual impassiveness of temperament which the Duke exhibited, he became intensely excited, and seemed to chafe against the barriers which restrained him from the field he so distinctly realised. His behaviour excited so much interest, that a gentleman who was present wrote a description of the scene, which appeared in one of the newspapers on the following day, and, with considerable felicity, illustrated the excitement of the great soldier by the lines of Sir Walter Scott:

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,  
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground;  
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,  
And longs to rush on the embattled lines.

Photography has been adopted, with considerable effect, in the case of those panoramas which exhibit scenes taken from the more distant regions of the globe. This art was made use of in the view of Hong-kong, of Canton, and of the interior, and probably the exterior, of Sebastopol. The effect of this additional appliance has been, as far as the nearer objects are concerned, most remarkable. Some trees in the foreground of Canton are perhaps the most singular representations that have ever been made—indeed, the illusion is as complete as it is possible to imagine. In the case of the picture of Hong-kong, a very curious circumstance occurred. Captain Hall of the *Nemesis*, who, from his exploits, has been popularly designated 'Nemesis Hall,' brought from that island a young and poor Chinaman in the capacity of a servant. He took this young man with him to visit the panorama. The effect upon the youth was to deprive him for a time of all intelligible consciousness of his condition. The scenes of his life were exhibited before him with a reality which utterly deranged his thoughts. He burst into an agony of tears, and besought that he might not be landed; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was recalled to the consciousness that he was in England, under the protection of his master, and that what he was viewing was only the picture of the scenes of his boyhood. The art of photography, however, in its application to panoramas has some defects, which, judging from its past adaptation, might seem to be irremediable, if our faith in the progress of science were not altogether implicit. For the objects in the foreground, its operation is perfect; but it is found that the distance cannot be accurately represented with the same focus. Another difficulty which the painter finds very embarrassing, is the depth of its shadow, which perplexes the relations of objects in respect to distance. Thus the painter of the panorama of the Forum at Rome informed the writer, that when he compared certain photographic representations with the sketches which he had made himself on the spot, he found such essential differences between them as to render the former to a great extent inapplicable to his purpose.

Panoramas seem to have met with but little success in any other country than our own. One of Rome was exhibited, we believe, in Paris, in that part which is now known as the Passage des Panoramas; and three or four more, including one of Moscow in a building in the Champs Elysées, which formed a part of the edifice prepared for the great exhibition of Paris. So small, however, was the attendance, that Mr Burford, the painter of our chief modern panoramas, informed the writer that when he visited the exhibition of the picture of Moscow with a friend, they found themselves the only spectators.

The panorama of Jerusalem was sent to New York, but the building in which it was exhibited being struck by lightning, the picture was unfortunately destroyed. The panorama of Athens was sent to Connecticut, but this, too, shared the fate of the former one, and was destroyed by fire. The university of Oxford desired to possess the panorama

of Athens, but no suitable building for its exhibition could be found, and the project was abandoned. Some other panoramas have been purchased, and exhibited in the provinces, while not a few have been obliterated, and new views painted on the same canvas. The whole number of panoramas exhibited from the year 1788 to the present time is one hundred and twenty-four.

Some idea may be formed of the profitableness of these exhibitions in London, from the fact, that when the building in Leicester Square was first projected, a joint-stock company was formed to enable Mr Barker to carry out his scheme, and in this enterprise Lord Echo took a prominent part. The profits of the exhibition, however, soon enabled Mr Barker to purchase all the shares, and thus make the property his own. Of all the panoramas ever exhibited, that of the battle of Waterloo was the most popular and lucrative. The doors were thronged from morning till night; and for the benefit of the more aristocratic visitors, the establishment was even opened on Sundays. By the exhibition of his picture, the proprietor realised no less than ten thousand pounds.

On the whole, the panorama has been as eminently a vehicle for instruction as an illusion to the senses and a new luxury in æsthetical art. These exhibitions have been designated as Animated Illustrations of Geography; and when it is considered that the view from the summit of the Righi, now on exhibition, represents the diameter of a circle of 160 miles, this designation can hardly be regarded as exaggerated.

#### A LETTER FROM MY GODMOTHER.

In your last letter, my dear Carry, you tell me an imperial edict has gone forth for the cutting off of crinoline. Is that all? Has nothing been said about the bag-wigs? You know very well what I mean. Just place the looking-glass at the back of your head. Upon my word, my dear, I thought at first you had got the woolly head of a little black child concealed under your hair! As to the crinoline, of course I am glad enough to find that *that* monomania is on the decrease. But I look upon the matter only in the light of a respite. As sure as you are standing there in your rolling, jostling, oscillating tub, Carry, you are doomed to live and move an animated Guy in some other ludicrous shape, before you are much older. I am really almost out of patience to think that so many of my sister-women, with all their fine powers and capacities, their noble and endearing qualities, should in small things prove themselves such arrant fools. What is Eugénie to us, or we to Eugénie? If, as Albert Smith has told us, in his *China*, the empress had some fancied good reason for adopting this costume, which 'he would not for the world report to his audience,' is that any good reason why you should wish to be as empresses wish to be who love the empire?

Dear, dear Carry, I really blush for you! You ask me to be plain, and plain I must be—or what am I to say? There now, go to your dressing-room; take off your steel-hoops; but what on earth are you to do with them? Throw them away! Why, where can they be put? Just fancy to yourself, for one moment, a collection of these incongruous helps at deformity deposited in some lonely spot of English ground; and fancy Macaulay's well-known aborigine standing and gazing, years hence, upon the mysterious pile, and exclaiming to himself with uplifted eyes: 'In these charmed circles, built up as a monument over the departed grace of the human species—in

these mysterious giant rings once moved, danced, loved, and flirted, the maidens and matrons of Great Britain!' How, before this sublime idea, the tattooing of his forefathers would sink into the shade! Really, joking apart, there is to me something very humiliating in all this. Why do not we English women take our own line in matters of dress? Or, since it seems we *must* follow the imperial lead in all such matters, why not form ourselves into a body-representative, and address a letter to head-quarters, after the manner of the four wise and highly patriotic gentlemen of Liverpool? Since we are all, to a woman, just now entering heart and soul into the arming of our lovers and brothers, why not suggest that it would be particularly grateful to our feelings at the present juncture, if her Imperial Majesty would adopt the tunic and cuirass of Jeanne d'Arc? It is my belief, my dear, that we should not look half such idiots as we do now in our steel-ribbed balloons. The thing would, at anyrate, have a purpose defensive, if not offensive—as the present fashion is—and would be a world more becoming. Instead of the sword—which should be kept at home for extraordinary occasions—let the ordinary adjunct be a long branch of the flowering olive, worn gracefully on one side, to neutralise the harshness of outline presented by the cuirass. What say you? Now, do think seriously of what I have said.

While on the subject of this outward sign of an inward folly, I must touch on one or two points which have filled me with no little surprise. Can you tell me for what conceivable purpose really good-looking women besprinkle themselves over head, neck, and breast with little sham gold coins? There is a ballad somewhere of an Indian warrior who carried his ransom concealed in his hair, in the shape of real, pure, available gold. Which, do you think, may be considered the greater savage—you or he? Then, again, there are those boots of yours. I watched you last summer tripping through a smart shower, your feet encased in what appeared to me to be soiled white stockings. The boots had, I believe, a sole of some sort to them, but for any protection they afforded you against the wet, why, my dear, you might just as well have walked à la Jane Shore! When next you adopt that style of foot-clothing, pray, lay in a good stock of chloride of lime, for, depend on it, typhus is not far off. When you are married and have a family—if fashion ever permits you to arrive at that goal—I suppose you will half-drown your children, in spite of common sense and Erasmus Wilson. Poor little things! they are all inevitably doomed to become 'little Highlanders,' and without even the counteracting influence of mountain air, oatmeal-porridge, or the being 'to the manner born.' The upper man—or rather boy or girl—will be loaded with 'wraps,' while the lower limbs are left bare; not to 'kick and fling as nature pleases'—that were something—but, hear it, O ye mothers! as *consumption* pleases. Then, while their bodies are perishing, you will cram their brains—for there is a fashion in that too. There was a little child I knew—the mismanaged child of a silly, idle, overdressed mother—who was taught numbers before he could speak. His nurse contrived to drum them into his poor little head by pointing out and calling the numbers on the doors all down the streets. One day, the little fellow was put on a donkey; no sooner did he catch sight of the animal's two ears standing up side by side, than he cried out, 'Eleven!' This was the first word he ever spoke; and the child could never afterwards, to his dying day, be persuaded that a donkey had not eleven ears!

Oh, my dear god-daughter, never forget the beautiful compact between 'soul and sense mysteriously allied,' and deal as honestly and worthily with the goodly frame in which a goodly mind is set, as with the precious jewel itself. A little while, and then of all the loveliness and grace with which you have

made such wild work, there will be no more savour than of the lost beauty of Woodstock:

Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa Munda;  
Non redolet, sed olet, que redolere solet!

#### CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK'S NARRATIVE.\*

THE deeply interesting work of Captain McClintock, narrating his discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, will already have been perused by so many of our readers, that we need only attempt to offer an outline of the leading events, along with such remarks as the subject naturally suggests.

It will be remembered that Franklin sailed from England with the *Erebus* and *Terror* in May 1845, in order, if possible, to discover the long-looked-for Northwest Passage—that is, a navigable channel round the northern extremity of America, from the eastern to the western seas. It is now ascertained, that, in prosecution of his arctic explorations, he actually was the first to make this discovery; but before this important fact was known, a north-west passage had been discovered by another courageous but more fortunate explorer, Captain MacLure. To relieve the painful public suspense on the subject, various expeditions were undertaken at the cost of the nation to learn the fate of Franklin, all of which, including an American expedition, failed in the main object of their search. These explorations, however, respecting the long-lost voyager and his companions, made it seem probable that they had perished somewhere on the west coast of King William's Land—a dreary stretch of land lying on the left of the party as they had travelled along the frozen borders of a channel which leads westwards to the Arctic Ocean. Keeping this notion in view, Lady Franklin, on understanding that nothing more could be done at public expense, resolved that the search for her husband should be prosecuted on her own account. For this purpose, she purchased the screw-yacht *Fox*, a vessel of 177 tons, which was strengthened, and equipped, and placed by her under the command of Captain McClintock, whose acquaintance with the arctic seas, in former expeditions, eminently qualified him for this adventurous undertaking. Besides himself, the list of officers and crew comprehended Lieutenant W. R. Hobson, R.N.; Captain Allen Young, of the Mercantile Marine; David Walker, M.D.; George Brand, engineer; Carl Petersen, a Dane, who was to act as interpreter; and twenty others, including two Esquimaux. As many as seventeen of the entire crew had previously served in arctic expeditions. Although not despatched by government, the Admiralty was favourable to the objects of the voyage, and gave no little assistance in the way of provisions, apparatus, and instruments. The food thus furnished consisted of 6682 pounds of pemmican, prepared at the Clarence Victualling Yard, Gosport. Pemmican is composed of prime beef cut into thin slices and dried over a wood-fire; then pounded up, and mixed with about an equal weight of melted beef-fat. The pemmican is then pressed into cases capable of containing forty-two pounds each. Among the medical preparations, pure lime-juice, to counteract scurvy, was not forgotten.

All being ready for sea, after a farewell visit from Lady Franklin, the *Fox* departed from Aberdeen on the 1st of July 1857, passed through the Pentland Firth on the night of the 2d, and came in sight of the southern extremity of Greenland on the 12th. Buffeting with fogs and floating ice, the *Fox* proceeded along the coast of this icy continent till it arrived at Godhab, or Godhaven, a Danish settlement, on the 31st. Here, a young Esquimaux, named Christian, volunteered his services as a dog-driver, and was accepted.

\* *Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin.*  
By Captain McClintock, R.N. Murray, London. 1859.

Ten dogs to draw the sledges were also taken on board. On the 6th of August, the vessel reached Upernivik, where the last trace of civilisation was to be met with—lat. 72° N. ‘Here the last letters for home were landed, fourteen dogs and a quantity of seals-flesh for them embarked, and the ship’s head was turned seaward.’ Now was to come a perilous struggle with the arctic ice, which, floating in quantities, or what is termed ‘pack,’ had an appalling aspect. It should be added that, even at the hottest time in summer, the temperature in this region varies from 32 to 40°—always off and on about freezing.

The object was now to cross Baffin’s Bay, and enter Lancaster Sound; but after steaming some way among the ice, it was obvious that a passage could not be forced, and in the hopes of finding a more open sea to the north, the *Fox* made for Melville Bay. Here the view of the mighty glacier, extending unbroken for forty or fifty miles, excited intense admiration. ‘Its sea-cliffs, about five or six miles from us, appear comparatively low, yet the icebergs detached from it are of the loftiest description. Here, on the spot, it does not seem incorrect to compare the icebergs to mere chippings of its edge, and the floe-ice to its thinnest shavings. The glacier serves to remind one at once of Time and of Eternity—of time, since we see portions of it break off to drift and melt away; and of eternity, since its downward march is so extremely slow, and its augmentations behind so regular, that no change in its appearance is perceptible from age to age.’

The little headway made by the vessel began to infuse a dread of ‘wintering in the pack.’ The temperature fell, and it was only by slow degrees, and with danger on all sides, that the ship forced its way through lanes of water amidst the ice. September passes away in anxious hopes and fears, some amusement being derived from shooting birds and seals. A small barrel-organ, turned by the hand, which had been presented to a former expedition by the Prince Consort, is taken out of its case, and now about to pass its third winter in the frozen regions, furnishes entertainment to the sailors. There are occasional encounters with bears, for these animals migrate great distances on floating masses of ice. On the 4th of December, the body of Scott, the engine-driver, who had been accidentally killed, was buried in the sea, a hole in the ice being cut for the purpose. A representation of this affecting solemnity is given as one of the pictorial embellishments. It is now quite clear that the vessel must remain frozen up for the winter and spring. The cold is intense—20 to 30 degrees below zero; yet Christmas Day is passed pleasantly, and cheering views are entertained of future prospects.

The party needed all the hope they could muster, for, fixed in ice, the *Fox* was gradually drifting southward. They were getting into the region of daylight. On the 28th of January, ‘the upper edge of the sun appeared above the horizon, after an absence of eighty-nine days; it was a gladdening sight. I sent for the ship’s steward, and asked what was the custom on such occasions. “To hoist the colours, and serve out an extra half-gill, sir,” was the ready reply. Accordingly, the Harwich lion soon fluttered in a breeze cool enough to stiffen the limbs of ordinary lions, and in the evening the grog was issued.’ Drifting at length as far south as the 63d degree of north latitude, the chance of being crushed amidst the broken and turbulent masses of ice became daily more imminent. From this catastrophe the *Fox* was fortunately saved, and at last, after having drifted 1385 miles, the vessel was in the open sea, and able to apply both sails and steam. On the 28th of April, it anchored safely at Holsteinborg, on the coast of Greenland.

From this point, we have now to follow this well-tried little ship back to its former situation at Upernivik, touching at Disco and Godhab, in its northerly

course. While at Godhab, on the 14th of May 1858, Captain McClintock writes as follows in his diary: ‘Summer has suddenly burst upon us—thermometer up to 40°; moreover, we are enjoying English newspapers, and have dined off roast beef and vegetables.’ Here some useful information is obtained from the captains of whalers; one of them, Captain Deuchars, tells how he lost his ship, the *Princess Charlotte*, in Melville Bay, few years previously—a very agonising incident. ‘It was a beautiful morning; they had almost reached the North Water, and were anticipating a very successful voyage; the steward had just reported breakfast ready, when Captain Deuchars, seeing the floes closing together ahead of the ship, remained on deck to see her pass safely between them, but they closed too quickly; the vessel was *almost* through, when the points of ice caught her sides, abreast of the mizzen-mast, and passing through, held the wreck up for a few minutes, barely long enough for the crew to escape and save their boats! Poor Deuchars thus suddenly lost his breakfast and his ship; within *ten minutes* her royal yards disappeared beneath the surface.’ Such is one of the dangers which beset the arctic voyager. Masses of ice, barely visible above the surface of the water, may in a few minutes penetrate and sink the strongest vessel.

Passing over an account of the many difficulties which beset the voyagers in getting through Lancaster Sound, and partly through Barrow Strait, it is sufficient to say that the *Fox* at length proceeded down Prince Regent’s Inlet, and became fixed near the mouth of Bellot Strait. This is a very narrow channel between Somerset Land on the north and Boothia Felix on the south. When approached, it was full of pack-ice, and quite impenetrable. Frozen up in a creek, the *Fox* was now dismantled, and doomed to pass a second winter in a state of inaction. At the same time, preparations were made for lengthened journeys with sledges and dogs; and it was by these aids, along with the information furnished by Esquimaux, that the great discovery respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin was ultimately effected.

The scheme of sledging comprehended three separate routes and parties of four men. ‘To each party,’ says our author, ‘a dog-sledge and driver will be attached; Hobson, Young, and I will lead them. My journey will be to the Great Fish River, examining the shores of King William’s Land in going and returning; Petersen will be with me. Hobson will explore Boothia as far as the magnetic pole, this autumn, I hope, and from Gateshead Island, westward, next spring. Young will trace the shore of Prince of Wales’ Land. Our probable absence will be sixty to seventy days, commencing from about the 20th March.’ Until the proper time of starting on these excursions, journeys were made with the sledges and dogs, in order to form depots of provisions at certain points. In November, Brand the engineer died—a great misfortune, for now the ship was without any one who knew anything of the engines. With all drawbacks, Christmas 1858 was ‘spent with a degree of loyalty to the good old English custom, at once inspiring and refreshing.’ However, whilst all was order and merriment within the ship, the scene without was widely different. A fierce north-wester howled loudly through the rigging, the snow-drift rustled swiftly past, no star appeared through the oppressive gloom, and the thermometer varied between 76 and 80 degrees below the freezing-point.’ The New Year 1859 came in so cold and stormy as scarcely to admit of walks on shore.

We must refer to the book itself for any account of the preliminary sledge-journey of Captain McClintock, whose narrative, being in the form of a diary, does not well admit of generalisation. From his minute details, we hear of the severe cold which had to be endured, the difficulty of driving the dogs, the building of

snow-huts for shelter during the night, and the unpleasant sensations experienced in again putting on the half-frozen moccasins when about to proceed in the morning; all which discomforts were patiently endured. One good result of the journey was, the picking up of some valuable knowledge as to the lost ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, from a party of Esquimaux, from whom also were obtained several articles which had belonged to the vessels. Silver forks and spoons, readily procured for a few needles or a knife, were the chief articles found—the wandering crews of the vessels having apparently taken the more valuable utensils along with them, leaving those of a commoner kind in the deserted ships. 'During this journey,' says Captain M'Clintock, 'I acquired the arctic accomplishment of eating frozen blubber, in delicate little slices, and vastly preferred it to frozen pork. At this present moment, I do not think I could even taste it; but the same privation and hunger which induced me to eat of such food, would doubtless enable me to partake of it very kindly.'

M'Clintock's and Hobson's extended searching-journeys commenced on the 2d of April. Each party had a sledge drawn by four men, besides a dog-sledge and dog-driver. Petersen volunteered to drive the captain's dogs, an offer too valuable to be declined. The equipment for each party included a tent, waterproof blanket, floor-cloth, two sleeping-robés, and six blanket sleeping-bags; also cooking utensils, shovel, saw, gun and ammunition, magnetic and astronomical instruments, six knapsacks with spare clothing; provisions, articles for barter, &c.; the total weight, including that of the two sledges, being 1400 pounds. The load for each man to drag was 200 pounds, and for each dog, 100 pounds. The plan adopted in the journeys consisted mainly in following the icy border of the sea. The line of route to be pursued led first across to the western opening of Bellot Strait; it then took a southerly direction along the shore of Boothia, as far as Cape Victoria. Here the two parties separated. Crossing Ross's Strait, Hobson took the western shore of King William's Land, while M'Clintock followed the eastern side of that island, and did not return northward till he had explored the islets at the mouth of the Fish River—a stretch extending from the 72d to the 68th degree of north latitude, and embracing a variety of detours to points which offered any prospect of yielding the much-desired information to the travellers. To all other difficulties of travel, was added that of managing the dogs, which, attached to the sledges by traces composed of strips of canvas, were continually getting into disorder. 'None of them had ever been yoked before, and the amount of cunning and perversity they displayed, to avoid both the whip and the work, was quite astonishing. They bit through their traces, and hid away under the sledge, or leaped over one another's backs, so as to get into the middle of the team, out of the way of my whip, until the traces became plaited up, and the dogs were almost knotted together; the consequence was, I had to halter every few minutes, pull off my mitts, and, at the risk of frozen fingers, disengage the lines. I persevered, however, and without breaking any of their bones, succeeded in getting a surprising amount of work out of them.'

On the night of the 25th May, when walking along the beach of King William's Land, the captain came upon the skeleton of a young man in a naval uniform; it was 'partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow. This poor man seems to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen on his face in the position in which we found him.' It was a melancholy truth that an old Esquimaux woman spoke when she had referred to Franklin's party, that 'they fell down and died as they walked along.'

The route pursued by Hobson down the west shore of King William's Land, proved the most fortunate. At Point Victory he made the grand discovery, which had been the object of the expedition. A record was found in a cairn at that place, and information of the event was conveyed to M'Clintock, by leaving intelligence in a cairn built on purpose, near Cape Herschel, which the captain would have occasion to reach. He did arrive at this spot shortly after coming upon the skeleton, as above related. 'We were,' says our author, 'approaching a spot where a revelation of intense interest was awaiting me. About twelve miles from Cape Herschel, I found a small cairn, built by Hobson's party, and containing a note for me. He had reached this, his extreme point, six days previously, without having seen anything of the wreck, or of the natives, but he had found a record—the record so ardently sought for of the Franklin expedition—at Point Victory, on the north-west coast of King William's Land. That record is indeed a sad and touching relic of our lost friends, and to simplify its contents, I will point out separately the double story it so briefly tells. In the first place, the record-paper was one of the printed-forms usually supplied to discovery-ships for the purpose of being enclosed in bottles and thrown overboard at sea, in order to ascertain the set of the currents.' On the top, and along the blank edges of this piece of paper, was written as follows: '28th of May 1847. H. M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice in lat. 70° 05' N., long. 98° 23' W. Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island, in lat. 74° 43' 25" N., long. 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well. Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847. Gm. Gore, Lieutenant; Chas. F. des Vœux, Mate.'

As remarked by Captain M'Clintock, the date '1846-7,' in the above record, is a mistake; the proper date should have been 1845-6, that being the first season passed by the *Erebus* and *Terror* in the arctic regions. The statement, that at the period of writing, all were well, had evidently been deposited by Lieutenant Gore, who had departed with a party on some special mission. The paper, however, contained another inscription, subsequently executed; it had, in fact, been taken from the case which contained it, by a second party, and again placed in the cairn, where it remained till seen by Hobson. The second writing was as follows: 'April 25, 1848. H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22d April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since September 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here, in lat. 69° 37' 42" N., long. 98° 41' W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been, to this date, 9 officers and 15 men.—F. R. M. Crozier, captain and senior officer; James Fitzjames, captain H. M. S. *Erebus*—(afterwards added) and start to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River.'

How mournful are these particulars! It was now authoritatively known that the ships had been deserted, after having been inextricably fixed in the ice or stranded; that Sir John Franklin was dead—though under what circumstances, not mentioned; and that the officers and crews of the vessels had wandered southward along this dreary shore, on which at least some of them had died. We gather, however, in the brief postscript, that the surviving party were to start for Back's Fish River on the 27th of April 1848. Now, what became of this party, upwards of a hundred in number? On this point, Captain M'Clintock offers no conjecture. It does not appear to be in the least degree likely, that after a lapse of nearly twelve years, there can be any survivors. Yet, a mystery may be said to hang over their

fate. Did any of them reach the Fish River, and find succour among the obscure tribes of Esquimaux on the mainland, or did they all drop down and die, one after another, till not a soul remained? It is possible that some did actually reach the mainland, as the only available method of escape which presented itself; but there can be little doubt that had any come within the knowledge of the Esquimaux, who are by no means unfriendly, we should long since have heard of them.

Continuing his way northward, Captain M'Clintock came upon a large boat, half-buried among the snow: there was reason to believe that it had been equipped with the utmost care for the ascent of the Fish River, but had been abandoned, probably, for want of power to draw it over a hundred miles of frozen sea. Besides portions of two skeletons, there were found in the boat a large variety of articles, which were brought away, and are now shewn among other relics of the ill-fated expedition.

The searching-parties arrived at their ship at the beginning of July; the health of Hobson having alone suffered materially by the excessive fatigue and exposure. The improving weather in August allowed the *Fox* to be prepared for returning home, as soon as the ice broke up. At length, taking the advantage of a clear channel, the vessel moved off; the captain being obliged to add, to his other duties, that of taking charge of the engines. On the evening of Sunday, August 29th, the *Fox* reached Godhab, where some anxiously longed-for letters and newspapers were obtained. Sailing and steaming down Baffin's Bay, the last iceberg was seen on 10th September; and bounding merrily forward in the open sea, the trim and hardy little vessel arrived in the English Channel ten days later. Having landed at Portsmouth, Captain M'Clintock reached London on the 21st, having been absent about two years and two months.

No one who carefully peruses the work before us, can fail to acknowledge its great value as a simple and satisfactory narrative of the many deeply-touching circumstances to which public attention has been called. It is very gratifying to know that the Lords of the Admiralty, with a promptitude to reward merit not very common, as has been seen, half a century ago, at once enabled Captain M'Clintock to present the Arctic Medal to such of his companions as had not received it for previous service; 'and also to inform Lieutenant Hobson, that his promotion to the rank of commander would speedily take place.' Honours to our author himself, we believe, he declined. 'I will not,' adds he in conclusion—'I will not intrude upon the reader, who has followed me through the pages of this simple narrative, any description of my feelings on finding the enthusiasm with which we were all received on landing upon our native shores. The blessing of Providence had attended our efforts, and more than a full measure of approval from our friends and countrymen has been our reward. For myself, the testimonial given me by the officers and crew of the *Fox* has touched me perhaps more than all. The purchase of a gold chronometer, for presentation to me, was the first use the men made of their earnings; and as long as I live, it will remind me of that perfect harmony, that mutual esteem and good-will, which made our ship's company a happy little community, and contributed materially to the success of the expedition.'

Now that the fate of the gallant and unfortunate Franklin has been ascertained, it is to be trusted that neither at the public cost, nor at the expense of private parties, will any further effort be made to explore those extreme arctic regions which have been visited by a series of explorers during the past forty years. The North-west Passage, which is alleged to have been discovered by Franklin and Maclure, to whom we should now add M'Clintock, practically amounts to nothing. If science derives any benefit

from these painful and hazardous expeditions, it is of little more avail than the scratching of a few outlines on a map. The so-called North-west Passages are impracticable, even when found. As is learned from the work before us, these intricate passages are for years together frozen over; and, except under particularly favourable circumstances, are impervious to the navigator. Sea and land—sounds and straits—islands and continent—are alike shrouded in ice and snow, and are scarcely distinguishable one from another. Surely, no good can come from the exploration of these hyperborean climes; and it is not a little lamentable to think of the waste of human life and of money which has taken place in prosecuting researches so utterly worthless. As a nation, Britain may indeed enjoy some glory from the indomitable perseverance of her Parrys, Franklins, M'Clintocks, and other arctic navigators; but do we require to remind our readers how much more praiseworthy it would have been had these great names been associated with enterprises designed for the permanent benefit of mankind? We need only look to the pains-taking and valuable researches of Livingstone, for an undertaking worthy of every proper encouragement; or to that great *terra incognita*, the interior of Australia, as an object on which the energies of explorers may, both to the honour and substantial advantage of the country, be more usefully expended than in laying down charts of everlasting snow-heaps and glaciers.

#### THE BATEMAN HOUSEHOLD, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

##### CHAPTER VI.—MR ONSLOW BATEMAN.

It is not our purpose to follow the practice of some novelists in climbing the genealogical-trees of each of our *dramatis personae*, and plucking the fruit thereof; in insisting that the reader shall not only be interested in the hero, but in the hero's great-great-grandfather and intermediate ancestors; not in the heroine only, but in the long line of heroines who preceded, and culminated in, that charming individual; but still we will venture to cull some extracts from the life of Mr Onslow Bateman, previous to the time when 'the action' of this our story commences. One insuperable bar to our going very far into ancestral details concerning this gentleman, and which will at once remove all reasonable ground for apprehension upon that score, is, that we possess no source whatever from which to draw them. He himself never knew who his father was; for his mother, who was the sole repository of that not very important secret, never, as will be seen, confided it to him. Moreover, we will at once declare that there is not going to be any disclosure of this mystery further on; and that the reader, and Mr Bateman, and ourselves, are all upon an equality as regards any knowledge of the matter. Let it suffice for us to deal with the present generation. Mr Onslow Bateman, then, the Preceptor of Youth, the Inculcator of correct manners to the Aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland, was born at no particular place, but in a not uncomfortable travelling-caravan, on the road between Wiesbaden and Frankfort, in the territory of the Grand Duke of Nassau. We believe—although, of course, her vocation had been suspended for some little time preceding this incident—that his mamma, an Englishwoman, was an accomplished dancer upon the tight and slack ropes; could stand on stilts with a far greater ease than many persons on their own dignity; and had a light and graceful touch upon the tambourine. These arts, however, like those more ambitious ones of which the poet speaks, were quite unable to delay the inevitable hour; and the young professor of them expired of exhaustion, with her baby clasped to her breast, as though, instead of the

offspring of poverty and guilt, it had been the long-looked-for heir of all sorts of titles and landed properties. Signor Smittini and his lady, who, when Mr and Mrs Smith, had won poor Bessie Bateman's affections, and enticed her to leave England in their establishment, were good-hearted, steadfast people, and having no children of their own, adopted the boy, who in their Company saw many men and cities, and before he was ten years of age, might have been called a cosmopolitan. By that time, the handsome, clever lad had become as their own son to them; and as their experience had shewn them that there were serious drawbacks even to the sovereignty of a travelling-company, they determined to give him an education other than that of the circle or 'arena.' He was, therefore, put to school at what they persisted in calling his birthplace, Frankfort, where he remained for several years, improving his mind with the greatest diligence. He was about fourteen years of age when he first made acquaintance with the neighbouring salons of Homburg—not as a player, indeed, but as a rapt spectator of the varying fortunes and behaviour of the players. The young student here first discovered his own aptitude for that art in which he afterwards became such a proficient—the study of human nature. The calm Professional, the suspicious Tyro, the wary Cheat, the passionate Dupe, the Habitue, and the casual Player, he could detect at almost the first glance; and his boyish prophecies concerning them, although seldom uttered, gave to himself, in their frequent fulfilments, a rare and exquisite pleasure.

One afternoon, when he was spending, as usual, his holiday-hours in this scene, so uncongenial, as might well have been thought, to one of his tender years, a middle-aged gentleman entered, and took his seat at the *rouge-et-noir* table. Although he soon lost very heavily, his ill-luck did not seem to afflict him, and the lad drew near to mark this philosophic stranger, who could part with his *rouleau* so continuously, and yet have an eye for the gay company around him, and even for the beautiful garden and pleasant champaign upon which the huge windows of the salon opened.

'You are young, my lad,' observed this indifferent gambler, 'to be in such a place as this. See, there's another *rouleau* gone after the rest. I hope you have better luck with your florins than I have!'

'I have but few florins, sir,' returned the boy, respectfully, 'and those I cannot afford to risk; but I have luck, I think, for I often tell to myself who will win, and who will lose, beforehand.'

'Then sit here in my seat, my good lad, and try to save for me this remnant of my treasury, or, at least, to delay its loss: it cannot possibly go faster out of your hands than mine. Now, then, *rouge ou noir?* Which is it to be?'

'Stay a minute,' returned the boy in a whisper, his face flushing with excitement at the charge intrusted to him. 'How much am I to put on?'

'Whatever you like,' replied the gentleman. 'But see, the ball is beginning to roll slowly; you must make haste.'

Master Bateman, who was at least as well aware of what he was about as his full-grown adviser, took up in his hand a considerable sum of money, and placed it upon the red colour.

'*Rouge gagne, noir perd!*' shouted the croupier; and the firm, which consisted of the Man and the Boy, became at once in a position to declare a dividend.

'You're a bold lad,' cried the gentleman, with genuine admiration. 'But we are surely not going to risk all that upon the red again?'

'*Rouge gagne, noir perd!*' repeated the croupier, and quite a little gold-mine was once more emptied into the coffers of the recently started company.

After several more lucky ventures, and when the gentleman had not only retrieved his fortunes, but

found himself heavily on the winning-side, young Bateman suddenly observed: 'I can play no longer, sir; my luck is entirely gone.'

'Let us come into the garden, then, and have an ice,' returned his companion, gathering up quite a little mountain of coin. 'And now,' continued he, when they were seated under a large lime-tree, and only reminded of the neighbourhood of the gambling-room by a pleasant music of gold and silver, which was almost rill-like and pastoral, 'where on earth did your luck and your good-looks come from? You never can belong to any of that tribe of knaves and simpletons yonder?'

'Sir,' said the boy in English, 'I am, as I believe, half a fellow-countryman of your own, and as you say, have no relations hereabouts, nor indeed elsewhere. As to my luck, that was simply a matter of observation. I never staked till I saw Durchein stake, who is a professional gamester—sharper, perhaps you would call him—whom I have seen to win here when no one else did. If he staked not, I put down only a very small sum, which we generally lost, you remember. When he went away, which he did as soon as he observed our method of play, my luck, as you call it, would, I knew, go also.'

'Well,' returned the other, 'that was better than luck, for it was judgment. I begin to have a great opinion of you. I am Sir Gilbert Onslow, a rich man, who feels inclined to assist you. I was about to divide our gains, and so to part company, but perhaps we may do better than dissolve partnership so speedily. I have some cheroots here which I will smoke, while you, if you please, will confide to me your history.'

William Bateman—for Signor Smittini had dowered him with his own Christian name—had never met among his life-studies any specimen such as was now addressing him in so singular a manner; but his ready acuteness at once sanctioned the unreserved confession to which his really affectionate nature had been moved by the baronet's kindly manner.

When he had concluded, Sir Gilbert Onslow announced himself as his future patron; obtained the most probable address of the peripatetic Signor Smittini; and filling the lad's pocket with silver, promised to call at his Frankfort school on the ensuing day.

To cut this retrospective story as short as possible, let us merely say that, after no great lapse of time, Master William became Master William Onslow Bateman at the baronet's own request, and exchanged for that gentleman's patronage the affectionate but humble aid of the Smittinis; that he was sent to Bonn, where he carried off all sorts of honours, fought several duels with successful grace, and acquired a code of morals and religion, the easiest fitting perhaps that was ever worn by any preceptor of youth before or since. At eighteen years of age, this young man had no contemporary superior to himself in beauty, accomplishments, and that peculiar charm of manner which it is not in the power of either birth or education to bestow, but which polite learning grafts upon some kindly stock to delight all degrees of men—and women.

About this period, Sir Gilbert sent for him to his own mansion in England, where, had he pleased, he might doubtless have easily found himself one of the family. The far-sighted lad, however, declined this elevation, and contented himself, as the humble guest of the baronet, with gaining golden opinions from all the high-born visitors who frequented Broadalope Park, or the house in Grosvenor Street, in their seasons. And not from the visitors only. Lucy Onslow, the heiress of these vast possessions, a young lady of seventeen, and yet under the tutelage of a governess, was soon quite of the same mind as the rest of the world regarding the extraordinary merits of young Bateman. In vain did Margaret Brand, the

preceptress in question, herself not insensible to the young man's merits, make use of her more matured (by three years) experience to expiate upon 'those dangerous guides, the feelings,' and depict in the darkest colours the miseries of a *mésalliance*. Miss Lucy would marry Onslow Bateman, or else nobody; and when reasoned with, would add, that she would go into a nunnery, or even die first, rather than give him up. Under these circumstances, which were really getting rather serious, and—which was almost worse—were becoming public, Sir Gilbert held a private interview with his protégé. What actually took place therat, we are not in a position to disclose; but certain it is that all intercourse of a really friendly character ceased between them from that hour, and that in spite of the young man's noble renunciation of the girl, and acceptance of Miss Brand in her stead; which dispelled all absurd reports, and was an immense relief to several good families in the neighbourhood with marriageable sons. It was said, indeed, by Mr Onslow Bateman's detractors, that the price at which this sacrifice was purchased by the baronet was an excessively high one, and took the very tangible shape of dowry for the governess; and that neither the feelings of the lady who was given up, nor those of the lady who was taken, were at all consulted by the extremely agreeable young gentleman in question. However, there was no open breach between him and Sir Gilbert. As soon as Mr Bateman was married, and known to be in want of pupils, he had more offers of them from the very highest quarters than he could accept; so that, if he had been of a saving disposition, or could have looked to anything beyond present luxury, he might soon have been in easy circumstances; even when his wife died—a loss which he felt deeply, not only because she had been an excellent manager of his household, but because she had loved him with a devotion that had astonished himself—and one of his two daughters had grown to beautiful womanhood, his early conduct in the matter of Miss Lucy Onslow stood him in good stead. It was agreed among his aristocratic patrons, that a man who, out of a strict sense of duty, had given up a most tempting match for himself, would never permit his daughters to be less scrupulous; and hitherto, experience had proved them right.

Mr Onslow Bateman had been a great wanderer over the face of Great Britain since his marriage, but his peregrinations were no longer made in a caravan. He always took a good-sized house, and one, if possible, situated in a picturesque county; for, in addition to his other accomplishments, he was a very tolerable painter, and had a genuine taste for nature as seen through the medium of the fine arts. He had been at Teesdale How for some two years, and enjoyed in that neighbourhood, as wherever else he had temporarily settled, the reputation of being as great a gentleman as the squire, and as great a scholar as the parson. Nevertheless, and in spite of this dangerous eminence, with neither squire nor parson had Mr Onslow Bateman the slightest difficulty in 'getting on.' To have called him 'a man of the world,' would have been greatly to underrate his delicate acuteness; he was a man of both worlds, and possessed the marvellous faculty of convincing spiritual pastors of his humility and orthodoxy without very regularly listening to their sermons. His daughters went to church unfailingly; so did his pupils; so did Mrs Allwyne; nay, not a servant at Teesdale How was permitted to miss hearing the Rev. Allen Brooklet's morning-discourse, although the place wherein he ministered was more than two miles distant; but Mr Onslow Bateman himself—comforted, doubtless, by the sense of his own self-denial in such a matter—was content to keep house alone on Sunday mornings, and forego the inestimable privilege.

## CHAPTER VII.

## MASTER AND PUPIL.

Robert Marsden had not long been 'white-washing'—as the process of regeneration under Mr Onslow Bateman was called by that young prodigal—but he flattered himself he knew his master well. In this he doubtless erred, but not entirely; for it is exceeding hard for the most worldly wise to conceal his weaknesses from those of his own household, and, least of all, from clever and unscrupulous lads, to whom the gift of charity is seldom accorded. Mr Bateman was aware that there had never entered into his fold an inmate so dangerously quick-sighted as Robert Marsden, and would, so far as his peace of mind was concerned, have preferred to live with a dozen wolves, such as Bartholomew Luders, with scarcely a rag of sheep's-clothing among them. On the eve of a discussion with most persons, he was wont to determine his own line of argument beforehand, and to force them by mental strength and dexterity into the wished-for channel; but when he had seriously to do with Robert Marsden, he stripped himself of all preconcerted plan, and entered the lists a naked athlete, only lubricated with that sweet oil of insinuation which belonged to him as properly and naturally as turpentine to a pine-tree.

'Well, Marsden,' said he, re-entering the breakfast-room with the most ingenuous of smiles, 'I've managed to pack that troublesome fellow off, and, I hope, have cleared your character.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied the young man warmly. 'I am extremely sorry to have been even the innocent cause of such an unpleasant scene; that *you* should have been so inconvenienced, is bad enough, but that the young ladies should have been compelled to listen to such a charge from that vulgar fellow!'

'As far as that goes,' interrupted Mr Bateman carelessly, 'there is no great harm done, my good sir; my daughters are not fine ladies, and will never have the opportunity of becoming so; between ourselves, they will probably be one day governesses—indeed, they would *certainly* be so, did anything happen to me—and it would be, therefore, an act of cruelty to bring them up like hot-house plants, unaccustomed to the least rude breath of vulgarity.' He hesitated for a moment, during which the young man examined with foot and eye the anatomy of a rose on the pattern of a carpet, and then continued: 'But, unfortunately, this sad business itself remains pretty much where it was, Marsden; the girl is gone, and although Michael Rosthwaite has acquitted *you* of abducting her, we know there must be some one guilty.'

'Sir,' said Marsden hastily, and answering to the tone rather than the words of his interlocutor, 'I have already given you my word of honour that I have had nothing whatever to do with this matter; I now have to add, upon my word of honour, that neither do I know who has had to do with it.'

Mr Onslow Bateman commenced a game of play with his watch-chain, which occupied him for some seconds, and bestowed a tolerably long look upon the landscape before he remarked, quietly: 'During some conversation which we had some six weeks ago, Marsden, upon an occasion to which it is not now worth while to refer, was not some sort of promise entered into with regard to your attendance at these village-feasts at night?'

'There was, sir.'

'Did you not promise, in particular, that you would not go to Greendale?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Upon your word of honour?'

'Yes, sir.'

'So I understood, Marsden. Well, we all have our temptations and our falls, nor am I one of those—and the fact of your being in this house, Marsden, you

must forgive me for saying so, proves it—who believes that he who errs and regrets his error, is more likely to err again than before his first mistake: a man is not like a horse in this respect, which once broken-kneed, becomes a stumbler.'

Robert Marsden had really begun to be ashamed of himself, when this affectation of forbearance, as he considered it, on the part of his tutor, restored his mind to tranquillity. 'You have three hundred pounds per annum, my good sir, in return for this charitable forgiveness,' thought the practical youth.

'You will answer me truly and without reservation, I am sure,' continued the tutor, 'when I ask you to tell me what occurred at the Rushbearing.'

Marsden described in accurate detail all that took place upon the preceding evening, as regarded himself, including his quarrel with Luders, and that gentleman's departure at ten o'clock, and finishing with his own lonely return at a far later hour, on foot, across the Fells.

'Thank you, Marsden,' said Mr Bateman, when the narrative was concluded. 'I hope by the time you return at the end of the vacation, all this will be satisfactorily cleared up, and the unfortunate girl restored to her parent. And now,' continued he with warmth and the air of one who has finally got rid of an unpleasant subject, 'where are you going, Marsden, when you leave us next Tuesday? Do you take a gun to your father's moor, as you did last year, and which we had such good cause to remember in those great boxes of grouse, or do you stay in the south?'

'I think I shall stay in the south, sir; but I am not sure: my plans are rather unsettled at present, but I hope soon to write and let you know.'

The Tutor and Pupil parted with a hearty shake of the hand—the latter with a curious twitching of the lips, which became a smile as he left the room for the study-chamber shared by himself and his two companions; the former to make the following memorandum in his note-book: *To write privately to Mr Marsden, senior, next week, and discover what the young man is doing with himself.* 'He is as cunning as a gray fox,' mused the Tutor, 'and I don't know at this moment, for certain, whether he is the real culprit or not.' From which soliloquy we must infer that this gentleman had not quite that confidence in the matter on hand, himself, with which he had so dexterously inspired Michael Rosthwaite.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE SKETCH-BOOK.

Nearly three months passed away before Teesdale How again received its complement of inmates; for Messrs Ryder and Marsden had found their holidays agreeable, and Mr Onslow Bateman was not the man to shorten the pleasure of his pupils in that respect. The intervening time had passed with the two sisters very pleasantly; for although Mr Bartholomew Luders had remained, as was threatened, at the How, he had not inflicted his society upon them unnecessarily. He seldom came in before dinner-time, and often not until very late at night; and had, in short, made himself, by the negative process, as agreeable to them as lay in his power. The beautiful tints of Autumn had faded utterly from the surrounding landscape, and snow had already fallen thickly upon the higher Fells; the mountain dells had become dreary solitudes; the laughing becks wore Winter's freezing sneer; and all the land, late full of troops of visitors, was silent and deserted. Nor were the minds of men less changed than the face of Nature. Phoebe Rosthwaite was still missing, nor had anything further been heard of her disappearance; but she was no longer the constant topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, and guesses concerning the object of her unhappy

attachment had ceased without being resolved. Her father was not a popular person; and now that his vicarious notoriety was on the wane, was obliged to content himself with that never-failing companion, the Bottle, to whose consolation he became so largely indebted, that there were not a few who asserted that Michael's short-lived indignation had been feigned, and that he himself knew where Phoebe was gone, and was not altogether dissatisfied with her departure. This, indeed, was not the fact; but, by a just retribution, a base and selfish motive is never wanting, in the opinion of his slighted fellow-creatures, for the behaviour of a base and selfish man. Ryder and Marsden resumed the intimacy they had recommenced at the beginning of the vacation, and the former was well inclined, as young men generally are, to forget his old dislike of Luders, now that some time had intervened since their last meeting; but the West Indian seemed to prefer his own company, and left them to pursue their various country-pleasures without him.

It was late in November when the two friends received news of a certain Hunting of the Sweetmart, to be held some eight miles off, among the Fells, on the ensuing day; and they good-naturedly determined to ask Luders to join them in partaking of the sport. They went up to his room for that purpose, but, as was usual, he was not within, but had departed on some expedition of his own: not a sketching one, evidently—although he did draw, even in that winter weather—for his sketch-book lay upon the table, with the chalks beside it. It was full of drawings very nicely executed; and they thought it no harm to take it down with them when they went to tea, to amuse the young ladies with its contents. Many a solemn crag and solitary mere were therein depicted with that free, bold touch which is the autograph of a master-hand, so that even those of the spectators who most disliked the artist, could not but forget their antipathy in admiration of his skill.

'What strange, weird subjects Mr Luders chooses,' remarked Florence Bateman; 'mere beauty seems to have but little charm for him.'

'Has it not?' cried Ryder, laughing, and holding up a portrait in his hand. 'I think this a very charming young woman, at all events, and admire his taste exceedingly.'

'Well, as far as her back-hair goes—and it goes a good way'—observed Marsden, 'I agree with you; but I should like him to have drawn her face.'

'Even in the figure, however, there is despondency,' urged Florence. 'She is leaning over a table with her forehead resting on her hand, like one who reads; but there is no book before her' —

'Oh, how delicious!' interrupted Ellen, clapping her hands; 'see what I have found! Here is the Haunted House, and all that belongs to it!'

'What! the ghost?' inquired Marsden with a start of pretended alarm.

'No; but all *but* the ghost,' returned she; 'the north side and the south side, the east side and the west side' —

'Ay, and the *inside* too, by all that's gloomy!' continued Marsden. 'Here are the two rooms that have still a roof left on them above stairs; and here is the little flight of steps that leads up to the ruined attics, Ryder, which you used to ascend, at the peril of your neck, last summer. I should have supposed that by this time the whole fabric had come down together.'

'What would the poor ghost do then?' laughed Ellen merrily.

'It would come to the How,' returned Florence in sepulchral tones.

'Who is that who is about to honour us with his presence?' inquired Mr Bateman, putting away his book, and rising from his customary arm-chair by the fire to approach the group.

'Only the ghost from Ladybank, sir,' replied

Marsden; 'he will call to request you will be so good as to lay him in the Red Sea.'

'We lay our telegraphs instead of our ghosts there now-a-days,' replied the Tutor with that sort of smile which betokens more incredulity than a whole encyclopaedia of materialism. 'What taste is this which leads Luders to depict ruined tenements and haunted houses? I am quite sure he did not derive it from any too great application to the dead languages. Here's Michael Rosthwaite's mill, I see, which is itself almost dropping to pieces by this time; and here is'— Mr Onslow Bateman paused in his researches among the drawings, and lowered his voice pathetically—'here is a poor human ruin that was at one time doubtless fair and goodly to behold. What a melancholy in the girl's large eyes, what weight upon her brow, what piteous eloquence in even the folded and despairing hands! Why, Luders must have been a poet to have imagined such a picture, as well as an artist to have painted it!'

'Thank you, sir,' exclaimed a sudden voice close to Mr Bateman's elbow, so deep and hoarse with passion that Ellen uttered quite a little shriek of terror. 'I am obliged to you for your good opinion, but that sketch-book is private, and my property.' Bartholomew Luders stood in the midst of that startled company with eyes as cold and staring as those of the Sphynx; his hands, trembling with fury, were employed in gathering together the drawings upon the table, but his looks wandered the while from Ryder to Marsden, and back again, like a tiger in doubt as to which of two victims he should spring at and rend asunder first. 'May I ask,' cried he, 'to which of you two gentlemen I am indebted for this public exhibition of my sketches? Did you bring my private letters down here also? They were in my room with these, and the desk—as I daresay you know—was left unlocked.'

It was horrible to see the satanic rage of this man, so self-contained and cold by nature: it seemed as if one of the demons of old time possessed him, so ungovernable was his fury; all the more terrible, too, by contrast with the pleasant home-look of the room, the peaceful occupation of the company, and especially with the polished calmness, which even this outbreak failed to ruffle, of Mr Onslow Bateman.

'When you have taken your drawings, which are really remarkably beautiful, upstairs,' remarked that gentleman, quietly, 'I am quite sure, Luders, you will come down again, and apologise to all of us for this singular behaviour. We have been very much pleased with the treat your art has afforded us, and were quite unaware that we were doing any harm in admiring it.'

'Really, sir,' stammered Luders, who was becoming conscious by degrees of what was happening, 'I did not mean—'

'I think you had better go upstairs, Luders,' reiterated his Tutor with overwhelming suavity; 'I think you will collect yourself better upstairs.'

The wild beast, still dreadfully glaring, but somewhat cowed by the eyes which had themselves begun to wear an expression very foreign to their usual placidity, withdrew from the apartment, and retired growling to his den.

'This peculiarity in West Indian natures,' began Mr Onslow Bateman in explanation, 'of being excited by trivial—Marsden, you will oblige me by staying in the room for the present. My dears, you look a little tired, as well as frightened; I think you are right to be thinking of retiring.'

Nothing was really further from the young ladies' minds than the idea of going to rest without hearing the debate upon this domestic fracas; but with their customary docility, they at once lit their candles, and went up, if not to bed, at all events to their sleeping-apartment.

'It was very unmanly as well as ungentlemanlike in Luders, sir, to behave in that manner before the

ladies,' remarked Marsden impatiently; 'I hope they will not consider that I, that we'—

'They will not, of course, see blame where no blame is,' interrupted—nay, 'slid in' (he never 'interrupted')—Mr Onslow Bateman; 'but it would not have mended matters for you to have had a personal quarrel with him upon the subject. I beg your pardon for having laid any check upon your movements, but I feared that you were leaving the room just now, Marsden, with some such purpose in your mind.'

'I was going to inquire,' hesitated that young gentleman, 'what the dickens he meant by it, that was all.'

'You will oblige me by not doing so, Marsden; do you understand me?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the other laughing, 'I do, and I will.'

'Ryder,' continued the Tutor, 'what book is that on which you are so deeply engaged?'

'Bacon's Essays,' returned the young student, blushing furiously.

'An excellent volume,' observed Mr Bateman, 'but none the better for being read upside down, which is, I perceive, the system you have adopted with it. You have heard what Marsden and I have been saying, I think. I wish you to promise me'—

'Please, sir, I can't,' exclaimed the young man with ludicrous volubility, 'or at least I had much rather not. I really must have some explanation from Mr Luders. In point of fact,' stuttered Ryder, 'and begging your pardon, sir, I mean to punch his head. I don't care about what he said to *me* tuppence—two pence,' repeated he emphatically, as he warmed with his subject; 'but to have put himself into such a fury before the young ladies, sir—to go and frighten women in that manner—it's a precious shame: nobody but a' (here Mr Bateman coughed, and purposely lost a word) 'bully like himself would have done such a thing. If it had not been for their presence, and for yours, sir,' added the indignant young fellow rather parenthetically, 'upon my honour, I would have taken him by the scruff of the neck, and ducked him in the lake.'

Never before, in his Tutor's presence, had the young man indulged in so prolonged a speech, and it was in admiration of his progress in that respect, perhaps, which caused that gentleman to forget its somewhat rebellious character; but, at all events, his features wore a benevolent, not to say a genial expression, which presently blossomed into a smile; finally, he laughed a ringing laugh, and stirring the silver money gently in his pockets—that 'simmering' of wealth which is so grateful to the temporarily prosperous—he ejaculated: 'Well, I suppose when I was your age—you lucky fellows—I should have ducked him too; at least, as you were saying, if my Tutor had not been in the room. But it must not be,' added Mr Onslow Bateman sadly; 'it would be no sort of satisfaction to anybody after all.'

'Oh, wouldn't it, though, by Jove!' cried Ryder; 'I beg your pardon, sir, but it really would be a very great satisfaction.'

'Not, at all events, to *me*,' returned the Tutor gravely, 'and not to my daughters, Ryder, we may be sure, who would be thus, by your own confession, made the partial cause of such an outrage. I am sure, when you think of this, you will promise to let the matter drop.'

'Very well, sir,' replied the reluctant Ryder, 'I will do as you please.'

'You are a couple of good boys,' returned the Tutor, laughing; 'and now, go you to bed, and bring down no more sketch-books that don't belong to you.'

When Mr Onslow Bateman was left alone, he threw off, at once, that mask which was none the less stifling because it fitted him with such apparent ease.

His face exhibited all the scorn and indignation of one insulted by a lower creature, whom he was yet unable to spurn. 'Fool that I was to take the fellow at any price,' soliloquised he; 'of such a stock, and with such a character as he had already earned for himself, what chance of amendment—phaw—what cant one learns! What hope for such a ruffian but the gallows? and even from that benefit he is precluded by his social position. And yet I did not think he would have dared to shew his cloven hoof to me. It must have been either drunkenness or madness that got the better of him; but neither drunkard nor madman shall behave in that manner to me in my own house. It's the last half-year, at all events, mused he, after a little pause; 'and yet, after another, 'it would be giving up one's West Indian connection too.'

#### NIGHT-PUNTING.

We wonder why it is that barristers who write books are so fond of writing apologetic prefaces. Surgeons who exchange their scalpel for that more formidable weapon the steel-pen, do not, if they compose at all, take pains to let us know that it is only 'during the intervals of business.' They do not 'consume a few idle hours' in setting what they have to say before the public, or at least they have not the bad manners to tell it so. Men of the sword who are writers are not superfluous enough to inform us beforehand that they were 'on leave' when they did it, or had executed every duty which their country was expecting of them before they commenced the frivolous occupation of book-writing.

Why, then, should barristers alone be always seeking (somewhat suspiciously) to impress us with the idea of *their* untiring diligence and application to their profession? Is it that in doing this they in reality address themselves not to the Public, but to the Attorneys? Goodness gracious! do they, then, imagine that an attorney is to be conciliated by a preface, to be appeased by a foot-note? We should have supposed that the flattery implied by any such attempt would have been of too open and gross a nature to be practised by any man. Yet Henry Coleman Folkard, Esq., Barrister-at-law, in giving us this excellent volume upon Wild-fowling,\* must needs introduce it with the excuse, that though it be a book, it is 'not a book of fiction, but one gathered from the experiences of early life.' Messrs Vellum and Tape, in handing their next brief across our author to a more fortunate brother of the wig, may respond, with some reason: 'We are sorry to hear it, sir; for you might have dreamed your fiction, but your facts have been derived, by your own shewing, from a misspent youth.' Our author also expresses a hope that he may not, in writing this volume, be 'doing anything derogatory to himself or his profession.' We can set the gentleman's mind at ease upon the latter point, at all events. If the members of his profession do not practise worse things than the writing of books upon wild-fowling, they have good grounds for an action for libel against the General Opinion of Mankind.

The earliest system of wild-fowling practised in the valley of the Nile by the ancient Egyptians, was principally pursued by means of 'throwsticks,' similar to those with which the now ducal pastime of 'Aunt Sally' is carried on upon our race-courses; but the sticks

were slightly curved, after the fashion of the Australian boomerang. From the plates of Egyptian bird-catching, it appears that the aim was always directed to the neck; and that the art was, therefore, especially adapted for wild ducks, geese, heron, and the more elongated of the feathered kind. An expert fowler was able to discharge three or four of these missiles in rapid succession, and with unerring effect; and an attendant stood behind him to supply him with more weapons, exactly as the modern proprietor of 'throwsticks' stands behind his customer, and presses upon him another pennyworth, under the euphuistic title of 'three more lucky throws at the pincushions.'

But there was another and much more charming feature about the Egyptian amusement. In all the representations, a young girl also 'stands close behind the fowler during his performances, and has her right hand firmly grasping his waist, evidently for the purpose of supporting and steadyng him in his critical position as he stands in the boat, and so preventing any overbalance caused by extraordinary exertion in throwing the stick; and whereby, but for the temporary fulcrum of the attendant's hand, the fowler might fall overboard.' This is precisely the system of Wild-fowling which we should like, only we fear that Charmian or Iras (or whatever the dear creature's name might have been) would have filled our mind a little to the exclusion of the business on hand. 'A third attendant (and this we should not like so much) holds his leg, to prevent his falling over the gunwale of the boat in which these operations are conducted; while the boat itself is held, as if by a temporary anchor, by the hand of one of the crew grasping a bunch of growing lotus or papyrus. The fowler is also represented as being attended by a cat (!) in the act of retrieving the struck birds; but this feline assistant was probably employed to recover those only which fell on land, or among sedges growing on a soil too rotten to bear the weight of the human foot.' What a remarkable spectacle would a 'gentleman-sportsman' now present to the public eye, who should take with him upon expeditions in the fowling-punt his parlour-maid and the domestic tabby of his establishment!

Wild-fowl must certainly have been more plentiful in those times on the Delta than in this country now-a-days, and since the drainage of the great Bedford Level; but even of late years, the shooter in our fens has had abundant sport. In the severe winters of 1846-7, wild-ducks were sold in London at two shillings a pair, and snipes at fourpence each; while in Devonshire, the latter were so numerous as to fetch only a half-penny apiece; nor in the great frosts of 1854-5, were they much less cheap or plentiful. In old times, Lincolnshire decoymen would have been glad to contract for years to deliver their ducks at Boston at tenpence the couple; and the quantity of birds taken in their cunning and complicated snares was almost incredible. A clear profit of from £200 to £500 in a season used to be the average return for a complete decoy; and many instances are narrated of £600, and even £800, being cleared from them in a single season. No less than ten thousand head of widgeon, teal, and wild-ducks were caught during one year in the Decoy of the Rev. Bate Dudley in Essex. There are still several excellent Decoys both in England and Ireland, but they are, of course, very much less numerous than in the pre-draining-tile epoch. Mr Folkard gives us a clear and comprehensive account of the curious strategies employed for snaring wild-fowl in such establishments, but the subject has been already treated of at some length in this periodical.\*

Like a thorough sportsman, our author—having first shaken himself well free from his professional scruples

\* *The Wild-fowler.* Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, London. 1859.

—is entirely devoted to his *spécialité* of wild-fowling, and actually asserts that ‘punting is the art of pursuing wild-fowl in a small boat termed a gunning-punt;’ whereas punting is generally held to mean the science of sitting in a huge flat-bottomed vessel, in company with two or three other old gentlemen who bob for gudgeon. The boat of the wild-fowler, in reality, is built in proportion to the size of the punt-gun it is meant to accommodate—a formidable weapon, carrying half a pound of shot at a charge, and fired from the head of the boat, not from the shoulder, but like a piece of ordnance. There are some beautiful pictures in this volume illustrative of sporting in this fashion by night; but notwithstanding these, we cannot say that the diversion looks altogether attractive. You have to lie upon your stomach, it seems, at the bottom of the boat, and propel it, *face foremost*, with a pair of small sculls—an exertion tremendous indeed, but yet quite insufficient to keep you warm in a winter’s midnight upon an exposed tidal river. When the tide is low, you must get out and push your boat before you upon the mud; and if you have not got ‘splashers’ on (thin boards about eighteen inches square lashed to the soles of your boots), you had better be particular where you tread, since, if you fall, the great probability is, that you will never get up again. The same precaution has, of course, to be observed in pursuing wounded birds upon the treacherous ooze.

The only practicable method of getting up from a fall on the ooze, is by rolling over, on the back, so as to draw the arms out of the mud, and then by placing one foot, with the splasher, firmly and flatly on the ooze, at the same time pressing both hands on the knee of the leg so raised, and giving a cautious but determined spring, a man may succeed in bringing himself again to his legs. But it is useless to attempt getting up by resting the hands on the mud, as one would do on hard ground: the arms only sink deeper and deeper; and if the mud be very rotten, the fallen individual finds it impossible to rise in that manner; and by kneeling, it would be just as difficult.

What very much enhances the unpleasantness of a position of this kind, is the knowledge that the tide must sooner or later come up and drown you.

This miserable fate of death by inches attends the incautious night wild-fowler who, under any circumstances, wanders too far from his punt, and is unable to regain it; and with a flowing tide it is almost impossible to recognise its position, however carefully marked beforehand. Nevertheless, we do not doubt that our author’s evident enthusiasm for this pursuit is well warranted by the exciting expectations and triumphant fulfilments which it not seldom affords to the real sportsman. Conceive him leaving his home in the winter evening, well victualled (that is, within, for a gunning-punt is not quite the place for taking supper in), and rigged out with such garments as you see in tubs before the doors of the great London water-proof clothing-shops; by no means careless of wind and weather (since it is useless to go on such an excursion in a wind, because the birds cannot be seen for the ripples), but well provided against cold and wet. Placing himself at full length in his small flat-bottomed vessel, he directs his movements according to the position of light and shadow; keeping his punt on the dark side of the moon, and cautiously approaching the spot to which, by the different notes and calls of the aquatic birds, his attention is courteously invited. He moves quite noiselessly, for he knows that wild-fowl, whether sleeping or feeding, have always sentinels watching, so that the slightest indication of his approach will be at once communicated to the whole body. If he hears birds on the outer or wrong side of the moon (as he frequently will), he must not be tempted to set towards them, but must row in a contrary direction, and work his course so as to bring them into a proper light between the punt and the moon, although he may have to spend an hour in the

tedious toil. The tide is coming in with a slight breeze, and the ripple darkens the deep water; such of the oozes, too, as remain uncovered look pitchy dark enough, but the shallows shew a silvery whiteness; on these, to the very last, the water-fowl will delay, crowding perhaps on one small mound, from which they will not budge till fairly lifted by the tide; thus ‘on their last legs’—as it is technically expressed—they stand visibly exposed upon the white water, although before the tide had reached them they were in complete obscurity. The sportsman has now only to wait in the dark water until there is sufficient depth on the white surface to enable his punt to approach within range of the birds, when very large numbers—upwards of fifty at a shot—may be killed by a well-aimed discharge. These, of course, are very favourable conditions; at other times, and when there is no moon, the punter must let fly the instant that he distinguishes the birds; or, as it sometimes happens, as soon as he gets within shooting-distance of the inexperienced sporting-curate in his punt, whom he mistakes for the birds. Our author himself, in company with two other punters, once bore down upon a young clerical gentleman for several minutes, with three miniature cannon, in the shape of punt-guns, primed, capped, and cocked, and carrying about two pounds of shot in all, and absolutely covered him at less than sixty yards—under the impression that he was Widgeon.

‘A good ear,’ observes our author, ‘for ornithological sounds is as necessary to the midnight sportsman as the natural musical ear is to the most accomplished harpist. Every wild-fowler, from the practised sportsman to the decoy-man’s Wring-neck, is more or less familiar with the *ordinary* notes of the species duck, widgeon, geese, and such like. He knows the trumpet-like noise of a gaggle of wild-geese, resembling at a distance the rich tone of a pack of foxhounds in full cry; the sonorous and saucy “Quack! quack!” of the wild-duck; the soft but attractive “Wheow! wheow!” of the widgeon; the sharp and wailing whistle of the plover; the shrill but mournful cry of the curlew; the simple “Pee-wit!” of the lapwing; and the “Frank!” warning of the majestic heron. With these and many others, the wild-fowler becomes so easily acquainted that a mistake of species cannot well be made. . . .

‘When free from all suspicion, and unconscious of danger, the note of the solan-geese is “Grog! grog!” and so long as the fowler of St Kilda hears no other note, he is assured the birds are not suspecting him; but if he hears their watchword—“Bir! bir!”—he instantly desists, and remains as quiet and motionless as possible, because he knows it is the warning-note of the sentinel, which, in that one sound, informs all its companions of the suspected approach of an enemy. Generally, after lying still a few minutes, the words of assurance, “Grog! grog!” are repeated; and then the fowler resumes his movements. The warning given by a sentry wild-fowl, of whatever species, seems to strike through every ear of the assemblage with electrical precision, and this though numbering many hundreds: in an instant, heads are up, ears searching, eyes piercing, and all from the effects of the sentry’s single note; then, if the suspicions are confirmed by further noise or movement of the enemy, the whole flight simultaneously takes wing, and the bungling fowler’s chance is gone. An experienced decoyer can always tell, by the talk of his fowl, when they are thinking of leaving the pond for an excursion out to sea, or to feed on the savannas. Just before twilight, the debate is opened by wild-ducks, the clamour of the female being loudest and most incessant; this is continued some ten or twenty minutes, as if they were arranging a rendezvous at some distant fen; and when all is decided, they quietly leave the decoy, in small and separate teams of from ten to twenty or more, according to the extent of their numbers.’ Mr Folkard, indeed, seems to

entertain an idea that his own species might go to the gannet, or learn a lesson of the lapwing, with advantage, as to speaking intelligibly. He laments that the character of the English sportsman has so degenerated as to permit him to apply indiscriminately such a word as 'flock' to every description of wild-fowl; whereas every company of each has its own proper designation, such as 'a gaggle' of geese when in the water, and a 'skein' when on the wing; a suit of mallards, a walk of snipes, and a hill of ruffa. But these matters are far too technical for us. We can only thank our author for a most interesting description of how our water-fowl are procured for the poulters, and less directly for ourselves; and the next time we take the lemon and the cayenne in hand for our wild-duck, we shall think of him gratefully.

### OLD REES.

I LEFT Leyden in a diligence, one fine summer morning, in order to spend the vacation at my uncle's country-seat. When we stopped at the town which was my destination, I heard a weak shrill voice ask the first passenger who got down whether he was Mr Wilbraham.

A rough reply in the negative was returned.

'Can he be in this coach?' rejoined the voice.

'Yes, here I am!' said I, springing out, and confronting the speaker.

He was a little man, with high shoulders and stiff knees, and wore the livery of the deacon-house,\* a long frieze coat, with the badge of the charity on the sleeve. He carried in his hand a worn-out portfolio, containing two or three volumes belonging to some circulating library.

'The master sent me a message,' he said, 'and desired me to call on my way, and see if your honour had come by the diligence. You will not take it ill, sir, that I did not know you.'

Now, inasmuch as the worst-tempered tyrant on the face of the earth could hardly take it ill that a man who had never seen him in his life should not recognise him at first sight, I generously pardoned the poor little man; and directing my luggage to be kept in the office till called for, I requested him to shew me the way to my uncle's house.

A few days after my arrival, I strolled one morning after breakfast, with a book in my hand, through the courtyard, into the pleasant garden which lay beyond. Entering a cool leafy arbour, I seated myself on the bench, and was contemplating, in a dreamy sort of mood, the rich profusion of flowers that lay beyond, when the door into the court opened, and Old Rees appeared. As he walked slowly towards me, with the weight of nearly seventy years on his shoulders, I had time enough to perceive that something ailed him. He stumbled against the edge of the flower-border, without seeming conscious of its existence, although during many years he had been accustomed, every morning at half-past ten, to bring his master's clothes to be brushed on a tree near the arbour; he allowed my uncle's Sunday coat, which he carried over his arm, to trail on the gravel; and before he reached the apple-tree, one of whose boughs served as a clothes-stand, he had let his brush fall twice. As he came nearer, I perceived that his cheeks were very pale, his eyes dim, and that his whole bearing betokened sadness. As he passed by the

arbour, instead of his usual cheerful, 'A fine morning, sir,' he silently took off his hat, and stumbled against the threshold. With a deep sigh, he then took off his coat, and I thought that, in his tight black vest, he looked thinner and more bent than one would even have expected from his face. The red tin snuff-box, which peeped out of the only pocket in his waistcoat, remained untouched; and with another deep sigh, he hung my uncle's coat across the bough. Then taking the brush, he stood for some moments musing and rubbing the hairs against the grain, and finally began to brush the coat, commencing with the skirts.

'How goes it, Rees? Is anything the matter with you?' I asked.

Old Rees brushed on. He was rather deaf. Whenever a person has occasion to repeat a sentence, which he has uttered in a somewhat compassionate tone, it is quite impossible for him to do so in the same words. I stood up, stepped forward, and said more loudly: 'What ails you, Rees?'

The old man started, looked at me, and continued to look at me for a few moments with a fixed stare; then he seized a sleeve of my uncle's coat, and recommenced his brushing. A tear rolled down his cheek.

'Come, Rees,' I said, 'this mustn't be. Are you crying?'

He wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his vest, and said: 'There's a sharp wind, Master Hildebrand.'

'Nonsense, Rees; there is no wind at all to-day. But something troubles you. Have you lost a newspaper?'

He shook his head, and went on brushing harder than ever.

'Rees,' said I, 'you are too old to be in such trouble. Can I do anything for you, my friend?'

The old man looked up, astonished at the sound of that word 'friend'; perhaps now, in his sixty-ninth year, he heard it applied to himself for the first time. A convulsive smile passed over his thin features; his gray eyes first lighted up, and then grew dim with tears. His whole countenance said: 'I will trust you,' but his lips uttered only these words: 'Hearken, sir. Do you know little Ratas?'

I answered that I had not that honour.

'Did not Mr Peter ever shew him to you? The whole town knows little Ratas. He collects plenty of cents, I can tell you.'

'But what about this man?' I asked.

'He's not a man at all; he's a dwarf, a regular dwarff, sir; you might shew him at a fair; but he's a wicked little wretch: I know him well.'

I heartily wished that Rees would observe more order in his narration.

'He lives in the asylum,' resumed the old man, after a short pause; 'but he runs about the streets like a madman. He makes a great deal of money by his hump. When the children are coming home from school, they subscribe their cents, and little Ratas dances for them. He jumps about a stick like a monkey, and makes his hump look enormous. I have no hump, sir,' he added with a sigh. I perceived that Rees was less jealous of the hump in itself than of the cents which it brought.

'I wish,' he continued in a melancholy tone, brushing the coat too roughly for cloth which had cost nine guilders a yard—'I wish I had a hump. I should then have nothing to do; I could get plenty of cents by making the people in the streets laugh. But I would not drink,' he said, changing his tone, as he took down the coat, and folded it up with much care—'no, I would not drink.'

'Rees,' said I, 'when you came into the garden, and when I spoke to you first, you looked sad; and I would rather see you look so still, than see you shew such ill-temper.'

His old eyes filled with tears, and he stretched out

\* An alms-house for the reception of old men or women.

his withered hands towards me. I took them in mine at the moment when he, ashamed of his familiarity, was drawing them back. I pressed them kindly before I let them go.

'Ah,' said he—'ah, sir, you do not know it, but I am much more sad than angry. Little Rotas has done me a great injury; little Rotas is very spiteful. People,' he continued, as he stooped to pick up a shoe-brush—'people think him mad, but he is only wicked.'

'Come, Rees,' said I, raising up the leaf of a low folding garden-table, 'sit down there, and tell me plainly what little Rotas has done to you.'

'It will do no good,' replied Rees; 'but I'll tell you, if you will promise to keep it to yourself. Does your honour know the *house*?'

'What house?'

'The asylum.'

'I have seen it outside in passing by.'

'Well, it is an ugly house, is it not? A melancholy-looking place, with red doors and windows, and everything inside painted either red or black. Now, sir, you know that in that house we are all poor people—as poor as those in the churchyard. I and a few others earn a little money, but it does us no good; we are obliged to bring it all to the *father*, and every week he gives us a trifle for pocket-money. Now, that is all quite right, sir; for when I shall become old, and no longer able to earn a cent, I shall still get my little allowance. Look at these,' he continued, drawing out a coloured pocket-handkerchief, and tapping the cover of his snuff-box; 'I bought them with my pocket-money.'

It was touching to hear a man of sixty-nine say, 'When I shall become old.'

'Rotas,' he went on, 'receives his allowance also. But what does he do for it? Rotas does nothing but now and then pull up a few weeds in the street. He pretends to be a half-idiot; and when he gets a few cents from the children for dancing, he goes outside the town. Does your honour know the "Greasy Dish-cloth?"'

'No indeed, Rees.'

'It is an ale-house in Hare Lane. There Rotas drinks his dram, and, mayhap, two, or even three.'

'And then when he returns to the asylum?'

'Oh, he has all sorts of tricks. He chews a quid of tobacco; he begs an orange-peel at the druggist's. Sometimes the father observes it, and then he has a log fastened to his leg; for he is too old to be brought to the whipping-block, and besides, they could not beat him on the hump. But what harm does it do him to dance with a log? The children pity him all the more. St John, but Rotas has become wicked! The other day, he took a dram, and the father took away all his cents. You understand, sir, that he only got the more afterwards on that account.'

I understood it perfectly.

'But that was *his* affair,' continued Rees, taking up a shoe of my uncle's, which he had to brush, and laying it down immediately; 'and why need he have ruined me? You don't know what he did: I'll tell you, sir. I had money, a great deal of money—I had twelve guilders.'

'And how did you get them, Rees?'

'Honestly, Master Hildebrand. I saved them up while I was messenger to an apothecary. Sometimes when I carried a bottle of medicine to some country-house in the neighbourhood of the town, the master or the mistress would say: "Give the poor man a ten-cent piece; 'tis bad weather." And so by degrees I scraped together my twelve guilders. It was against the rules of the house; but I hid them next my heart.'

'And wherefore? Had you really need of the money, or was it only for the pleasure of keeping it?'

'Ah, sir,' said the old man, shaking his head, 'if I may make bold to say so, rich idlers can't understand

it; the members of the council can't understand it, for they have no care about such things. Living and dying, everything goes well with them. But listen to me. We are well-off in the house; the council are kind to us. On fast-days, we get buttered rolls; and every three weeks, an ox is provided by the will of some great nobleman who died long ago. We always get the meat chopped up into small pieces; and the managers of the asylum have a party, and eat the neat's tongue. We are very well-off; but a man, sir, can't help thinking of his death.'

'I trust you will be well-off also after your death, Rees,' I replied.

'I hope so, sir: in heaven there is nothing but happiness. But that was not what I meant. I want to have my body provided for—do you perceive?'

'How do you mean, Rees?'

'I'll tell you, sir. As soon as we are dead, they lay us on straw, and dress us in the linen of the house, just as when we were alive. Then they carry us to the churchyard, and bury us in the common grave. That is what I do not like. I want, when I am dead, not to have any charity-clothes about me.'

He paused for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears. 'I long,' he resumed, 'to lie in my own coffin—I can't well explain it—as I saw my father lie in his with his own clothes. I have never had a shirt which belonged to me—I would fain have a winding-sheet of my own.'

I was greatly moved. Speak not of prejudices! The rich of this world have them by hundreds. This poor man could cheerfully endure everything—meagre food, a hard bed, and, for his age, hard labour. He had no home; he was to have no special grave; all he desired was the assurance that his last vesture should belong to him.

'You see, then, sir,' he continued in a somewhat hoarse voice, 'what the twelve guilders were for. It was a large sum; but I wanted something besides—I wished to be interred decently. I don't well understand these things, but I calculated four guilders for the linen, two guilders for the men who should bury me, and half a guilder each for the twelve men who should bear me to the grave. Was not that all well arranged? The apothecary's apprentice had written down all the directions for me on a piece of paper. I wrapped the twelve guilders up in it, and sewed the whole in a little leathern bag, which for the last thirty years I have worn next my heart. And now it is all gone!'

'Did Rotas steal it?' I inquired.

'No,' replied Rees, rousing himself from the painful reverie in which his own last words had plunged him; 'but he discovered I had it. His bed is next mine; so perhaps he saw it when I was dressing or undressing; or perhaps, during an illness that I had, I may have talked of it in my sleep, for it was always in my thoughts. Last Tuesday, you may remember, sir, it rained all day, and Rotas did not get a single cent. The weather was so bad that the children could not stop in the street to look at him. All his pocket-money was spent; but he had a raging desire to go to the "Greasy Dishcloth." "Rees," said he to me after dinner, "lend me six cents." "Rotas," I replied, "I won't lend you money to spend in drinking." "Rees," said he, "I must have them." "Not from me," said I. "Rees," said he, "if you don't give me the money, I'll tell the father what you have hidden under your clothes." I felt that I grew as pale as a sheet, and I handed him the six cents. But I could not help saying, "Rotas, you're a rascal!" Whether that vexed him or not, I can't tell; but yesterday he got drunk; and while they were fastening the log to his leg, he shouted like a madman: "Rees has money—Rees has money! inside his shirt he hides it!" My comrades told me this when I came in. It was bedtime, and we all undressed in the men's dormitory. Rotas was already in bed, snoring like a pig.'

As soon as the others were asleep, I slipped the little bag from off my neck, and was going to hide it in the straw of my bolster; but before I had time to do so, the door opened, and in came the father, with a lantern in his hand. I fell back on my pillow, with the little bag in my hand, and stared at the light, like an idiot. I felt every one of the father's footsteps fall on my heart. "Rees," said he, bending over me, "you have money, and you know very well it is quite against the rules of the house to keep it concealed." And he took the little bag out of my hand. "It is only for a shroud!" I cried, and I fell on my knees in the bed; but it was no use. "We will take care of it for you," said the father; and he opened the bag, and counted over the money carefully. My own dear burial-money! I had not laid my own eyes on it since the day, thirty years before, when I sewed it up. "I swear to you," cried I again, "that I will spend it on nothing but a decent burial." "We will take care of that for you," said the father, and went away with the money and the lantern. "Rotas," I called out after him, "told you that!" But what good would it have done if I had told that Rotas was a drunkard, that he went every day to the "Greasy Dishcloth?" It would not have got my money back for me again. I scarcely closed my eyes all night. That's all, sir, I have to tell!

"Why do you not address a petition to the council?" I asked.

"No, no!" sobbed he, fumbling with his hand inside his vest, as though still searching for his money; "they will never return me my guilders: that law is as old as the house, and the house is as old—as old as the world."

"That's going a little too far, Rees; and if?"

He interrupted me.

"Going too far! no indeed. Have there not always been poor creatures like me lodged and fed by charity, and who, when they die, are buried by charity? But I wanted to be respectably buried at my own expense; and it was my greatest comfort to think that I should be so. Ah! if Rotas only knew that he will be the cause of my death."

"Come, Rees," said I, "you must, and shall recover your money. I will speak to my uncle about it: he knows the gentlemen of the council; and we will see whether the rule cannot for once be evaded in favour of an honest, respectable, old man like you. Cheer up, Rees! you *shall* get your guilders again."

"Shall I?" said the poor man, encouraged by my confident tone—"shall I really?" And drying his eyes, with a happy smile he offered me his hand. Then, in his desire to say something agreeable to me, he added: "Do I polish your boots to your satisfaction, sir?"

"Quite so," I answered.

"And is your coat always well brushed? Because, if not, I hope your honour will tell me."

I promised to do so, and went into the house. It was not difficult to persuade my kind uncle to make the requisite application. The president sent for the father, and despatched him to convolve a meeting of the council. It was a most formal and solemn affair. First of all, Rees was summoned into the board-room, and then desired to withdraw; then the father was called in, and in like manner dismissed. Immediately ensued a grave deliberation, which lasted for an hour, and of which the result was, that the president referred the decision to the wisdom of the council; and the councillors, not to be outdone in politeness, professed themselves ready to be guided entirely by the opinion of the president.

However, as the matter could not rest there, the president at length delivered the decision in these words:

"That, in one point of view, it is right to restore the sum of money in question to Rees, on account of his

exemplary conduct, and with the understanding that he will keep this money till his death, as safely as our excellent and indefatigable honorary treasurer"—here the honorary treasurer bowed—"but, on the other hand, it would not be well to encourage Rees in the idea that his money could possibly be safer in his own custody than in that of the before-named excellent treasurer."

Such was the categorical sentence of the president. The secretary, with some show of justice, ventured to observe, that the decision was hardly sufficiently decisive, and demanded that the question "to restore or not to restore" should be put to the vote. Whereupon the treasurer had the magnanimity voluntarily to cede his right to the administration of the sum in question, and it was unanimously resolved that Rees should receive back his twelve guilders, wrapped up, as before, in their little leathern bag.

Two years longer Old Rees wore his money next his heart. Last year, I visited the churchyard of D—, and it was sweet to me to know that there, in the common grave, slept a man who, through my means, had been decently borne to his last home by twelve comrades of his choice, and who had breathed his last in the cherished certainty of wearing his "own shroud."

Perhaps Old Rees, in his dying hour, had a kindly thought of me.

#### HOME'S HARMONY.

The lark may sing her sweetest song,  
As rising from the waving corn,  
On soaring wings, she skims along  
To welcome in the rising morn:  
Her sweetest song is nought to me,  
Compared to home's sweet harmony.

Deep in the woods, the nightingale,  
At midnight hour, may tune her lay,  
May pour upon the list'ning vale  
Her loveliest streams of melody:  
Lovely her midnight lay may be,  
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

Sweet are the songsters of the spring,  
And of the summer's sunny days,  
And autumn's feathered warblers sing  
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays:  
Lovely the songs of bower and tree,  
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But oh, what cheers the winter-night,  
When all around is dark and gloom,  
When feathered songsters take their flight,  
Or fill a gloomy little tomb?  
'Tis at such hours as these that we  
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.

Oh, when dark clouds above us lower,  
And life's drear winter o'er us comes,  
'Tis then we feel your magic power,  
Ye songsters of our hearts and homes;  
For soon the lowering clouds do flee  
From our dear home's sweet harmony.

T. C. R.